MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PUBLISHED BY *WHITTINGHAM & JOHN GILMAN*, NEWBURYPORT.

No. 27.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1806. [Vol. I.

Miscellaneous Selections.

"*Various*, that the mind—ſtudious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

DUBOIS AND FANCHON.

From MOORE's View of Society and Manners in France, &c.

IN CONTINUATION.

YOU ſee, ſir, ſaid Fanchon to me, that we are not objects of compaſſion.——May we not be happy my good friend (turning to her lover with a look of exquiſite tenderneſs) if it be not our own fault?——If you are not, ma douce ami! ſaid the ſoldier with great warmth, je ſerai bien á plaindre.*——I never felt a more charming ſenſation.—The tear trembled in the Marquis' eye.—Ma foi, ſaid he to me, ce'eſt un comédie larmoyant.† Then, turning to Fanchon, come hither, my dear, ſaid he, till ſuch time as you can get payment of the two hundred livres, and my friend here recovers his two louis, accept this from me, putting a purſe of louis into her hand—I hope you will continue to love your huſband, and to be loved by him.—Let me know from time to time how your affairs go on, and how I can ſerve you. This will inform you of my name, and where I live. But if ever you do me the pleaſure of calling at my houſe at Paris—be ſure to bring your huſband with you; for I would not wiſh to eſteem you leſs or love you more than I do this moment. Let me ſee you ſometimes, but always bring your huſband along with you.—I ſhall never be afraid to truſt her with you, ſaid the ſoldier.—She ſhall ſee you as often as ſhe pleaſes, without my going with her.

It was by too much venturing (as your ſerjeant told me) that you loſt your leg, my beſt friend, ſaid Fanchon, with a ſmile, to her lover. Monſieur le Colonel ne'eſt que trop aimable.‡ I ſhall follow his advice literally, and when I have the honor of waiting on him, you ſhall always attend me.——Heaven bleſs you both, my good friends, ſaid the Marquis; may he never know what happineſs is, who attempts to interrupt your felicity! It ſhall be my buſineſs to find out ſome employment for you my fellow-ſoldier, more profitable than playing on the fiddle. In the mean time, ſtay here till a coach comes, which ſhall bring you both this night to Paris; my ſervant ſhall provide lodgings for you, and the beſt ſurgeon for wooden legs that can be found. When you are properly equipped, let me ſee you before you go home. Adieu, my honeſt fellow; be kind to Fanchon: She deſerves your love. Adieu, Fanchon; I ſhall be happy to hear that you are as fond of Dubois two years hence as you are at preſent. So ſaying, he ſhook Dubois by the hand, ſaluted Fanchon, puſhed me into the carriage before him, and away we drove.

As we returned to town, he broke out ſeveral times into warm praiſes of Fanchon's beauty, which inſpired me with ſome ſuſpicion that he might have further views upon her. I was ſufficiently acquainted with his free manner of life, and I had a little before ſeen him on the point of being married to one woman, after he had arranged every thing, as he called it, with another. To ſatisfy myſelf in this particular, I queſtioned him in a jocular ſtyle on this ſubject. No my friend, ſaid he, Fanchon ſhall never be attempted by me. Though I think her exceedingly pretty, and of that kind of beauty too that is moſt to my taſte; yet I am more charmed with her conſtancy to honeſt Dubois, than with any other thing about her. If ſhe loſes that, ſhe will loſe her greateſt beauty in my eyes. Had ſhe been ſhackled to a moroſe, exhauſted, jealous fellow, and deſired a redreſs of grievances, the caſe would have been different; but her heart is fixed upon her old lover Dubois, who ſeems to be a worthy man, and I dare ſay will make her happy. If I were inclined to try her, very probably it would be in vain: The conſtancy which has ſtood firm againſt abſence, and a cannon ball, would not be overturned by the airs, the tinſel, and the jargon of a petit-maître. It gives me pleaſure to believe it would not, and I am determined never to make the trial.

F— never appeared ſo perfectly amiable.

B— called and ſupped with me the ſame evening. I was too full of the adventure of Fanchon and Dubois not to mention it to him, with all the particulars of the Marquis' behaviour. This F— of yours, ſaid he, is an honeſt fellow. Do contrive to let us dine with him to-morrow.—By the by, continued he after a little pauſe, are not thoſe F—'s originally from England? I think I have heard of ſuch a name in Yorkſhire. Adieu.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* *If you are not, my ſweet friend, I ſhall have great reaſon for complaint.* † *Really this is an affecting comedy.*
‡ *Monſieur the Colonel is but too amiable.*

THE UNIVERSAL FARCE.

THE world is a theatre; mankind are the comedians; chance compoſes the piece, and fortune diſtributes the parts; theologiſts and politicians govern the machines; and philoſophers are the ſpectators. The rich take their places in the pit and upper boxes, the powerful in the front and ſides, and the galleries are for the poor. The women diſtribute fruit and refreſhments, and the unfortunate ſnuff the candles. Folly compoſes the overture, and time draws the curtain. The title of the piece, MUNDUS VULT DECEPI, ERGO DECIPIATUR, "If the world will be deceived, let it be ſo." The opening of the farce begins with ſighs and tears; the firſt act abounds with the chimerical projects of men; the frantic teſtify their applauſe with re-echoed *bravoes*, whilſt the ſagacious bring their catcalls into play to condemn the performance. At going in a ſort of money is paid called TROUBLE, and in exchange a ticket is given, ſubſcribed UNEASINESS, in order to obtain a place. The variety of objects which appear, for a ſhort time divert the ſpectators; but the unravelling of the plot and intrigues, well or ill concerted, force the riſible muſcles of the philoſophers. We ſee giants who preſently become pigmies, and dwarfs who imperceptibly attain a monſtrous height. There we ſee men exerting all their efforts in the purſuit of the moſt eligible plans, guided by prudence, and armed with precaution, who are nevertheleſs circumvented in all their purſuits, and fruſtrated in all their endeavors; whilſt here we obſerve a group of indolent, careleſs fellows, who attain the higheſt ſummit of mundane felicity. Such is the farce of this world, and he who would chuſe to divert himſelf with it at his leiſure, ſhould take his place in ſome obſcure corner, where he may unobſerved be a ſpectator of the whole performance and in ſafety laugh at it as it deſerves.

Communications.

'Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
'Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.'

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

DO THYSELF NO HARM.—*St. Paul.*

THE injunction here quoted, is one of thoſe ſtriking paſſages of ſacred writ, that needs only an attentive peruſal, to impreſs the contemplative mind with admiration. The occaſion on which it was ſpoken, was ſolemn and intereſting. The ſcene preſented to the ſenſes of the aſtoniſhed Goaler, when he awoke, ſeems inſtantaneouſly to have overwhelmed him in horror and deſpair. The idea of his reſponſibility as a keeper of a priſon, when deprived of the power of diſcharging the duties of his truſt, produced an immediate determination on ſelf-deſtruction as the only method of avoiding an ignominious puniſhment.

St. Paul, ſeeing him about to execute the raſh, the horrid deed of ſuicide, "cried out, with a loud voice, *do thyſelf no harm*, for we are all here."—We here ſee a practical demonſtration of the peace and good will, which the genius of Chriſtianity breathes on mankind. Were we not informed, in the ſubſequent verſes, of the effect this tremendous ſcene produced on the mind of the Goaler, we might have been at a loſs in our conjectures.

Although the occaſion, that drew this expreſſion from the Apoſtle, was marvellous and extraordinary, yet the injunction may be advantageouſly applied to perſons of all deſcriptions, and in every ſituation in life.

The improvement of the female mind is of unſpeakable importance, not only to thoſe who individually advance their own happineſs, and multiply their pleaſures, by the acquiſition of liberal, refined and exalted ſentiments, but to the circles in which they move. A woman, who, to the eſſential qualifications of a miſtreſs of a family, has added thoſe calculated to render her the pleaſant and inſtructive companion, can never fail to attract the attention of men of ſenſe; and, when I ſee a young lady in purſuit of *novels* and *romances*, and waſting thoſe moments in reading them, which ought to be devoted to purſuits which would invigorate and enlarge her mind, and which cannot fail to make her the moral, as well as natural beauty of creation; when I ſee her endeavouring to fill, poiſon, and diſtract her mind, with artificial ſenſibilities, and to acquire a facility of ſhedding tears at the recital of imaginary ſcenes of miſfortune and diſtreſs, I would, were I permitted to do it, ſay to her—"*Do thyſelf no harm.*"

S. X.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

By the exertions of the able and learned Editor of the Port Folio, his readers were, ſome time ſince, gratified with the encloſed ſketches. We feel confident, that you will not heſitate to indulge your patrons, with a peruſal of them. To thoſe whoſe tears have moiſtened the page, which records the ſufferings of the ill-fated Julia; who have felt their boſoms beat with more exalted ſentiments of virtue, at the recital of Anneſley's worth, the moſt trifling circumſtance in the life of HENRY MACKENZIE, cannot fail to give pleaſure. They cannot read with indifference, any notice of the man, whoſe tender, and elegant genius, has lighted with a purer flame, the ſacrifices of piety, and enliſted in aid of duty, the moſt enthuſiaſtic impulſes of feeling; who has now left us, kneeling with the venerable La Roche, at the altar of his GOD, and now allured us to goodneſs, by the generous ſenſibility of the noble minded Harley. He indeed juſtly holds a moſt diſtinguiſhed place, on the liſt of thoſe authors, who have given "ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth," whoſe labors have entwined around the unſhaken column of ancient principles, all the elegance of ſentiment, and ſenſibility of virtue. Yours, *RURICOLA.*

BIOGRAPHY OF MACKENZIE.

HENRY MACKENZIE, a man eminent by tenderneſs and elegance of genius, by his love of literature, by diligence and ability in buſineſs, and by the attractions of his converſation and manners, was born, as we have been informed, about the year 1746.

His father was Dr. Joſhua Mackenzie, of a diſtinguiſhed branch of the ancient family of the Mackenzies of the north of Scotland: He was a gentleman of great worth and benevolence; and died laſt year in Edinburgh, at the advanced age of eighty-one.

The gentleman, whoſe merits are the ſubject of this memoir, after receiving a liberal education with the advantages uſual in Scotland, choſe for his profeſſion to engage in a particular department of the practice of the law; and in the year 1766 became an attorney in the Scottiſh courts of exchequer.

A taſte for even the delicacies of the polite literature of France and England had, juſt about that time, become faſhionable in the beſt ſociety in Scotland: David Hume, Lord Kaimes, Dr. Robertſon, and Dr. Adam Smith, had already cultivated hiſtory, philoſophy, and eloquence, with a ſucceſs which excited emulation, and in conditions of life from which the ſame praiſe might appear deſirable to the gentleman the man of buſineſs, the man of the world, who would have diſdained the pedantry of obſcure erudition: Macpherſon's tranſlation of the remains of Oſſian, Home's tragedy of Douglas, and a few other ſucceſsful pieces in the literature of fancy, had been alſo produced, from which it began to be ſuppoſed, that natives of Scotland even while permanently reſident there, might occaſionally excel, not merely in ſcience, learning, and energy of ſentiment, but in thoſe compoſitions which required a ſkill in all the many changing colours of Engliſh phraſeology, in the finer diverſities of the texture of Engliſh ſtyle, in thoſe modes of the ſuperficial manners of Engliſh life, which form as it were, the colouring and the drapery of our lighter ethical literature, in the art of touching thoſe keys, of giving vibration to thoſe chords, of educing thoſe ſweetly wild, yet exquiſitely artificial ſounds, to which alone the native tones of Engliſh paſſion, and the peculiar energies of Engliſh imagination, are wont to awake reſponſive.

The claſſics in particular, of the Engliſh and French literature of fiction, were then read in Scotland with incredible fondneſs, but read as yet only or chiefly by people of faſhion. It is with our taſte in books, as with our faſhions in dreſs. As the particular form of an head dreſs, or the particular cut of a coat, however in itſelf happily elegant, or graceful, no ſooner deſcends to the uſe of the Shopkeeper's ſmart wife, or the beau behind a compter, than it becomes odious to the gay flutterers of high life, ſo let even a taſte for literary amuſement, become general among the common people, and the great ſhall be ſeen all to contend with one another for the palm of ignorance, but let any one ſpecies of ſcience or literature have juſt ſhewn itſelf in a country as a novelty, and be known as yet, only as one of the pleaſures or decorations of people in higher life—and you ſhall ſee them purſue it with a zeal the moſt ardent, and a diligence the moſt perſevering. With this advantage in their favour, the works of Le Sage, of Fielding and of Smollett, could not fail to pleaſe; they had pleaſed much in Scotland, but the firſt partiality for them among the more refined order of readers, had already ſomewhat abated. Comedy in tears, and ſentimental novels, were now the *rage*. The Triſtram Shandy of Sterne, *La Nouvelle Heloïſe* by Rouſſeau, the comedies of Diderot, and ſtill to a certain degree the novels of Richardſon, were the favourite volumes. Theſe even the unſkilful affected highly to admire. Upon theſe the public taſte was formed. A young man with a fondneſs for ſtudy, and feeling the firſt impulſes of genius, might indeed happen not to have read them; but he could not liſten to converſation on any ſubject related to taſte, in the literature of fancy, without being taught to think thoſe excellencies for which they were diſtinguiſhed, the beſt virtues and graces of whatever was elegant in literary compoſition. *(To be continued.)*

Diversity.

FRENCH THEATRE.

A VERY humorous piece lately made its appearance at the Theatre François, in Paris. Its purport is to ridicule the facility with which divorces are obtained, and the indelicate traffic of getting a husband or wife by advertisement or agency. An elderly man marries a young wife of unimpeachable virtue, but of a disposition so extravagant as to tire him of wedlock; he, therefore, without having any thing to impute to her of moral defect, resolves to divorce her; and the young lady, who has nothing to charge her husband with but a defect very natural to his years, resolves upon the same thing; but both carry on their designs privately, and determine, before they separate, to provide themselves with other helpmates. Early one morning, the gentleman goes to an office, which advertised to supply both sexes with partners, and makes his business known to the master, with whom a very humorous scene ensues.—The master takes his memorandum book to enter the description of the old gentleman, and the humor consists in the vanity of the portrait which he draws of himself, contrasted with his real feebleness and age; for when the description is finished, an old man of seventy appears upon paper to have the activity and features of a youth of twenty one. Just as the description is finished, the master is informed that a lady is waiting for him: he begs his customer to withdraw into an inner room, and immediately the WIFE herself is ushered in. An excellent scene here ensues between the master, who is a coxcomb, and the lady whose modesty will not permit her to dwell on her accomplishments. The memorandum book is then put into her hands, and she immediately selects the description which the husband had just given of himself, and requests to see this active, well proportioned young fellow. "You shall see him this instant," says the master, "he is in the house." "Heaven be praised," she exclaims, "but what are MY charms to HIS? (give me some rouge, Monsieur) can he look upon such a creature? (could you let me have some patches?)—I shall sink with confusion. Is he so amiable as he describes himself? O, Heavens—if he should not like me!"

Whilst she is in the hurry of preparation, the master opens the inner door, and encourages the old gentleman to come forth, who at first hangs back; they soon, however, burst upon each other's view; the catastrophe ends in a good laugh, and the determination of the parties to live together, and give over the thoughts of a divorce.

BRIEF HISTORY OF A WIG.

WIGS, like other important characters, are subjected to the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." One of those wisdom giving manufacturers, vulgarly styled Barbers, in England, relates the following history of a fine full-bottomed folio, of his own weaving:—Some seventeen or eighteen years ago, a wig of authoritative dimentions, was ordered by a Corporator who was just preparing to mount that pretty haunch-cating hobby, the Mayor's Chair. To every curl the artist gave as much legal consequence as his own ingenious hand, assisted by a brother block, was master of. For one year, this wig was a terror to evil doers, and commanded even obedient bows from the stiffest necks in the parish; till unfortunately losing its consequence with the office, the wig suffered in its reputation, and the quondam chief re-sold it to its maker at half the original cost. In a few months after, a Rector having an assize sermon to preach, applied to the same head improver, who, with a little alteration, gave it as orthodox as before it had a legal look, and his reverendship purchased it at a new price. This possessor (after preaching in it three times in the course of as many years) exchanged the folio for one of an octavo size, which sitting tighter on his head, served him both for CHURCH and CHASE, being an excellent hunting as well as a preaching wig. The folio was next transferred to the head of a Curate, who agreed to give three crowns for it, on the receipt of his quarter's salary. With him it displayed its graces at least twice every Sunday for five successive years; till from long walks, exposed to intense heats, at all times, the canonical curls grew so grey, that, to hide their sunburnt complexion, demanded so large a portion of flour, as to make a confounded hole in the poor parson's weekly pudding. In this dilemma what was he to do? To appear in it unpowdered, would be a sort of schism; wishing however, rather to abridge his piety than his pudding, the Curate sold it to the Clerk for a crown. After adorning Mr. Sternhold's caput for five years more, at the end of which no trace of its primitive purity remained, he sold it in a pet, for the price of a pot of beer, to his quondam worship the Mayor, its original possessor, who at that time wanted such an article, for the loyal purpose of decorating the head of an effigy, called TOM PAINE, then ordered by the magistrates to be burnt for high treason. Just at the moment, however, that the rebel Tom approached the fire, a farmer, in the confusion, had the hardihood, to snatch the unfortunate relicts of our veteran from the flames; and for two seasons past, the remains of this once distinguished wig have formed an effectual scarecrow on Farmer Freehold's land.—"To what vile uses may we not return?" *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

DEFINITION OF GRATITUDE.

AT the institution of the Deaf and Dumb, in the street of the Observatory, Paris, a question was put to a pupil of the celebrated Abbe SICARD, which would have puzzled any other person to have immediately resolved, though possessed of the perfect use of both his ears and his tongue, yet was instantly and elegantly answered, in five words, by one who never had the use of either—What is gratitude? *The Memory of the Heart!*

MATERNAL ANXIETY.

A LADY deservedly to be honoured for her *maternal* feelings, was very much alarmed by reading in a morning paper that her son was *courting the Muses* at Bath, and wrote him a letter earnestly requesting him to beware of *bad women*, who would bring him to a *morsel of bread.*

To Readers & Correspondents.

Notwithstanding the fear, lately intimated, lest the sterility of the literary soil in this vicinity, (and the avocations of the lettered few,) should render the wishes of AMANUENSIS *fruitless*, from present prospects we are induced to believe they will not be *flowerless*.

As the beautiful season of Spring advances, and the genial influence of the sun begins to pervade our hemisphere, we hope to be enabled to decorate the Ladies' Literary Cabinet, with literary *flowers of various hues*, fresh and fair.

"S. X." will doubtless be read with peculiar pleasure, particularly by our FAIR PATRONS, as it seems designed for their perusal, & benefit. From this source we anticipate frequent valuable communications.

The communication of "RURICOLA," is a desirable acquisition, and will engage the attention of the lovers of elegant composition. Our limits will not permit its insertion entire in this number of the Cabinet.—Future favors solicited.

Verses from our "UNKNOWN FRIEND" appear to be incomplete—a Paradox is under consideration.

"ALPHONSO," a correspondent from *New Hantoniensis*, is thanked for a repetition of favors—his production we are necessitated to defer till our next.

The following lines are said to be written by the LITERARY PHENOMENON noticed in our last Magazine, and appeared in the "FLY" after the author had left Boston.

SENTIMENTS IN PINDARIC STILE.

O TIME, forgive the infant muse
Who dares to sing thy speedy flight,
And waft a sigh in silent views
To realms of permanent delight.
In vain I glance a wistful thought
O'er joys too precious to be bought,
Where no sad change
Can e'er estrange
From scenes which erst engag'd my feeling heart.

With fond remembrance I retrace
The years, the months, the weeks, the days,
Which, "creeping in this petty space,"
I've spent in childhood's blithsome maze.
Now fled, like Ganges' sacred stream,
Or, like a visionary dream;
Now here—now gone—
Still passing on,
Or, like myself—*appears* but to *depart!*

Friends of my life!* and dearest held,
My filial vows to you I pay,
By love and duty both impell'd;
While from your guidance call'd, I stray.
With lively gratitude inspired;
May all the bliss to be desired
On you descend,
Till time shall end,
And crown the wish convey'd in my ADIEU.

Still fond remembrance ling'ring dwells
O'er my lov'd ALMA's† nurt'ring shade,
And painful recollection swells;
The clust'ring branches there display'd,
While nurs'd in Science's lib'ral store,
And fed with literary lore,
O may they still
Thy vot'ries fill,
And they, like me, shall own the debt to YOU.

* His Parents.
† The Academy in which he was educated.

Poetry.

WINTER.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Thyrsis.

BEHOLD the laſt of dreary Winter's reign!
Hail ſilver-bearded *February* hail!
More early morn now climbs the eaſt again,
And once more cheers the habitable vale.—
Come Delia, tune thy ever pleaſing ſtrains,
Thy ſong can charm, tho' deſolation reigns.

Delia.

My ſoul, no object but my Thyrſis knows,
I wiſh to love—to love my wiſh ſhall be;
While on my Thyrſis ev'ry thought beſtows;
What is the wiſh of other hearts to me?
Thyrſis, the lovely ſubject of my ſongs,
Inſpires the ſtrain—the raptur'd ſtrain prolongs.

SONG.

Alike, if my Thyrſis is near,
Each ſeaſan that chequers the year;
In Winter's rude lap tho' we freeze,
Still morn brings contentment and eaſe.

In Thyrſis my wiſhes conjoin,
Whate'er be his fate—be it mine;
No joy but in him can I know,
No diſtreſs but when Thyrſis knows woe.

Thyrsis.

My ſong, alas! but half my heart reveals,
For verſe can ill expreſs what Thyrſis feels:
Still Delia hear, but judge not from the ſtrain,
Tho' much my paſſion blends of joy and pain—
While gentle Delia ſhall return my flame,
Not more my fondeſt wiſh—but long the ſame.

SONG.

When firſt I ſaw thee, beauteous maid,
Thy love-commanding face;
With rapture tiptoe'd, I ſurvey'd
Each ſoft attractive grace.

Now ſhall my days unclouded roll
Secure from all alarms;
Poſſeſſing her my rapturous ſoul
Finds ev'ry bliſs within her arms.

Delia.

When gathering ſtorms from ev'ry quarter riſe,
And clouds on clouds obſcure the duſky ſkies;
In vain their envy intercepts the day,
For Thyrſis' eyes dart forth each gladd'ning ray.

SONG.

Ye pow'rs above around him ſhed
Ev'ry treaſure worth poſſeſſing,
Send, O ſend, each choiceſt bleſſing,
On my blooming Thyrſis' head.

Thyrsis.

Tho' fur-clad Winter with her nipping train,
The grove has blaſted, and laid waſte the plain;
Still, ſtill my Delia, ſhall my thoughts be gay;
Nor feel the low'ring ſeaſon's iron ſway.

SONG.

Humble though our hamlet be,
Ever dwelling here we'll ſee
Faithful hearts in pleaſure join'd;
Conſtancy, with peace of mind.

Delia.

With careleſs freedom I'm with Thyrſis bleſt!
My heart how gay! and how ſerene my breaſt!
Sacred to thee, I'll tune my grateful lays,
Hills, dales, and groves ſhall echo Thyrſis' praiſe.

SONG.

Ah! how grateful 'tis to find
Two in mutual concord join'd;
Rapid fly the hours away,
Short appears the longeſt day.

Thyrsis.

In Delia's voice enchanting notes I hear;
And when ſhe ſings, 'tis Spring thro'out the year:
Creative beauties ſhine with matchleſs grace,
And laughing nature in her form I trace.

SONG.

The ſofteſt tranſports let me prove,
While rapture crowns united love—
Come HYMEN make the bliſs complete,—
And may we thus forever meet.

From the Port Folio.

A VERSE FOR THE SLEIGH.

"How cold it is!" Indeed, ſir, cold?
"Yes, cold in every part"
I can't agree; enough I ſee,
At leaſt to warm the heart!

"Warm! I ſee nothing here to warm!"
Oh! how the ſtory tells!
And can you ſee, and ſtill be cold,
A city full of BELLS?

"I hate a pun!" and I have done;
Leave frowning, why that wrinkle?
"*The bells of metal, Sir!*—you're right;—
In our ears that tinkle.

O ſhut your ſenſes if you will
To all but *bells* that jingle;
But *belles of mettle* ſtill there are,
In our breaſts that tingle!

"Zounds! with ſuch fools I never meet
"As punſters in my days!
"I mean the *ſleigh bells!*" ſo do I;
The *belles*, ſir, of the *ſleighs!*

ANOTHER.

THEY aſk, if Mary, in the ſnow,
Like other women, *ſleighs?*
Ye gods! and do theſe talkers know
So little of her ways?

Why, Mary no attention, man,
To time or weather pays;
But daily more, for more ſhe can,
Than all her ſex ſhe *ſlays!*

THE WISH.

I WISH not for riches, I wiſh not for fame;
The firſt is mere pelf, and the ſecond a name:
In ambition's fierce ſtream I wiſh not to be carried,
What wiſh you for then? *Why I wiſh to be married.*

EPIGRAM.

"IF nature never acts a part in vain,
Who (ſaid an Atheiſt) ſhall this fact explain?
Why, in the glow-worm, does her art produce
Such laviſh luſtre, for ſo little uſe?"
A plain, blunt fellow, who by chance ſtood by,
Heard what he ſaid, and made him this reply:
"Nature (quoth he,) explains her own deſign;
She meant to mortify all pride like thine,
When o'er an inſect's tail ſuch *light* ſhe ſpread,
And left ſuch *darkneſs* in a coxcomb's head."

Married,

In this town, on Sunday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Milton, Mr. GEORGE HOOKER, to Miſs POLLY WOOD.

In Greenland, by the Rev. Mr. Neal, EBENEZER JOHNSON, Eſq. to Miſs DOROTHY MARSTON, daughter of Major Thomas Marſton.

In Portſmouth, Mr. EDMUND DAVIS, to Miſs EUNICE GUNNISON.

In Concord, (N.H.) Mr. BENJAMIN EMERY, jun. to Miſs LYDIA HALL.

Died,

In this town, on Sunday laſt, very ſuddenly, while attending public worſhip at the Rev. Mr. Dana's Meeting-Houſe, Mr. NATHAN POOR, æt. 65.—He repaired thither at the morning ſervice, in apparent health, and had been ſeated but a few moments ere arreſted by the cold hand of death, and was carried from thence—lifeleſs.

"*Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;*
"*And every thought that miſſes it, is blind.*"

In Boſton, CONSTANT FREEMAN, Eſq. Maſter of the Alms-Houſe, æt. 77.

In Haverhill, ſuddenly, Mr. ENOCH MARSH.

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